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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM.

It has been suggested that the FORTNIGHTLY might discharge a congenial duty, and help along a good cause by directing the attention of the students once more to the University Gymnasium. We believe it will not be difficult to catch the undergraduate ear upon this subject. It is a matter which is well understood by the students, and has frequently been discussed both in and out of these columns. Indeed, there is a disposition in some quarters to adopt another line of action, namely, to stop discussing and go to work. As an enthusiastic and representative Science student, in a letter to the Editor, not long ago said: "There's no use in discussing the matter; let us go to work and have the gymnasium." If the other Faculties were similarly disposed and equally enthusiastic, we might expect an immediate movement towards the object in view. But there must be unanimity in an enterprise of this magnitude; anything else is but to invite failure. We have stated that the condition of things at present is thoroughly well understood by the students. It is not necessary, therefore, to allude further to that. We know what we have. We know what we want. We want a

modern gymnasium adequate to the needs of the students, worthy of the University, and not remote from the College, but on or near the College grounds. If it could be linked in with the University Club in some way, so much the better.

Students of McGill who have visited Toronto University from time to time have been shown with a just and most excusable pride by the Varsity men though their gymnasium. It is by acknowledgment the most completely equipped gymnasium in Canada, and it compares favorably with any University gymnasium on the continent. The various steps taken by the students, which finally culminated in the erection of this fine building, might be briefly recounted here. They will be interesting to McGill men. Not to go back further than 1880, it appears that in that year a petition was presented to the authorities, asking that one dollar should be added to the annual University fee, which should be reserved for the equipping of a gymnasium. The petition was granted, and a room in the old Moss Hall was accordingly furnished with gymnasium apparatus. We have a suspicion that things were not perfectly satisfactory under the old *régime*. McGill men will be able, probably without very deep searching, to discover a resemblance between the state of affairs here at present, and that which prevailed anciently at University College. However, happily for the students of Varsity, an accident intervened, and in 1888 the old gymnasium was destroyed. During all this time and up to 1890 athletics were in a very unsatisfactory state at Varsity. There was not that system of general supervision and control which was felt to be an urgent necessity. At length, in 1892, an Athletic Association was formed, a constitution duly drawn up, and a first board of directors appointed. In the meantime, the Literary Society, a much more influential and militant body in college politics than ours, had appointed a gymnasium committee. This committee waited upon the University Senate, and having obtained a grant from it of \$25,000, the work of building was immediately begun and actively pushed forward. Upon the completion of the gymnasium the Gymnasium Committee passed over its powers to the Athletic Association, which from thenceforth assumed among its other functions the management of the University gymnasium.

This in briefest outline is the history of the Toronto University Gymnasium. The gymnasium stands to-day as a monument to the energy, perseverance and business capacity of the Varsity Gymnasium Committee. We mistake greatly if the students of McGill are lacking in any of these qualities. What has been done by the students of our great rival to the West can be done here.

It is not proposed to unduly push this undertaking. The students of McGill are already interested in an important enterprise—the University Club. But it is wise to keep the gymnasium subject well to the front. Steps need not necessarily be taken this session; but another session should not go by without a unanimous and well-directed movement towards either a new gymnasium or a radical amelioration of the present condition of things.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LETTER FROM CAP'N GOUN.

To the *Editor* :—

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind invitation to contribute again to the columns of the FORTNIGHTLY. I am much gratified that, as you state, "the boys" desire to renew their acquaintance with Cap'n Goun, "the bard of former days." But Cap'n Goun is dead; dead, and buried in Kootenay Lake, a lake which is notable for the singular fact that it never yields back to air the bodies of its victims.

When Cap'n Goun was still living, and at McGill, and consumed with the ambition of poetical fame, he penned the following lines:

Non omnis moriar :—Though dead,
Yet here, this happy throng among,
Some verse of mine will still be read,
Some song of mine will still be sung.

But the poor fellow had no idea that he was going to have his mortal coil shuffled off so soon. *Abût ad pleures*, as the classic poet said of the once bright Freshman who settled down in his Second Year to a reliable third class.

Under the inspiration, or enthusiasm, of the university spirit, I blossomed into verse. But I have abandoned it entirely, and forever. It might have been better for me had I done so sooner. Had I but served the Dean with half the diligence I served the Muse, etc. (Men of '94 will readily construe.)

Even if I had not resolved to leave off writing verse, I could not continue the practice here in British Columbia. The Shakspeare of the Universe, the Poet of Creation, the Master Maker has been before me. And he has a tremendous advantage. His vocabulary is not of words, but of mountains. His verses

are mountain ranges and lakes and clouds. In presence of his work, the poetical faculty of any but a great genius must stand appalled. In presence of his work, the verse of even the best poets seems trivial, and my own earlier efforts imperfect.

To such an extent has the scenery of the Pacific Province impressed me. I have striven to convey the impression in the language of a man who narrowly escaped being a poet, and who, I believe, would have been one in reality had he been compelled (as at one time seemed not improbable) to spend his lifetime in the Faculty of Arts; for the theory of the poet advanced by Shelley is the true one:

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Yes, I have abandoned poetry. I have left it in the classic halls of my Alma Mater (it was very kind of me not to take it away, I think) and in the pleasant meadows south of the St. Lawrence.

O Alma Mater, thou wast my only love. I have never loved mortal as I have loved thee. A creature of the mind, thou wast as I would make thee; and thou wast admirable, lovely, most endearing. Fear not that I shall forget thee. In the fittest chamber of my heart thou art enthroned, and ever and anon I draw aside the portiere and gaze upon thee, not without emotion. I have been lightsome among thy devotees; I have made merry at thy priests, and brought unwillingly at times to thine altars the sacrifice that they required: but thou hast understood the jest, and pardoned the delinquency. When I have paid thee homage thou hast graciously overlooked the unworthiness of my praise. Thou hast known me and approved me; for have I not come to thee in secret oftentimes, and from the priceless but frail casket of a heart made only for devotion, emptied my affection entirely on thee, poured out upon thee the ointment of a sacrificial adoration, yea, bathed thy feet with an unutterable love?

O Alma Mater, mother benign, most patient teacher of our wayward years, tutelary genius of our barbarian youth, be thou a mother of men, a mother of heroes! And among thy sons, we pray thee, raise up one who will worthily sing thy praises and entwine in the bond which inseparably unites thy children the golden strand of song.

Convey my respects, Mr. Editor, to all the professors. Assure them that I shall pen no more humorous poetry, nor serious either, except to write in solemn eulogy the epitaphs of some of them. Thus shall I be revenged.

I also desire you to publish a statement of the death and burial of Cap'n Goun, so that no impostor may sneak into the temple of fame under the guise of the deceased poet's former renown.

I wish you, moreover, to announce that I reserve all rights to poems by Cap'n Goun, and to affirm that none of the numerous editions of his works hitherto published has been authorized by me. A time may come when I shall publish. When the Faculty of Arts sees fit to make reparation by an LL.D., or something of that sort, I shall consent to immortalize its members by giving to the public the complete humorous and posthumorous remains of Cap'n Goun.

And now, in the words of Cardinal Wolsey :
"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

Sincerely yours,

W. M. MACKERACHER.

KASLO, B.C., Jan. 20th, 1896.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

AN ENGLISH BURNS.

JANUARY 25TH, 1896.

The recurrence of the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns leads me to recite mentally some of the poet's writings; I call to mind his "Cotter's Saturday Night," "To Mary in Heaven," "Man Was Made to Mourn," and many other of his poems; his hatred of wrong and oppression, his fierce denunciation of the oppressor, and his declaration that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

have endeared him to the hearts of suffering humanity, the wide world over.

I am reminded of the life and writings of Ebenezer Elliott, who, like Burns, has been called the "poet of the poor;" he first gained popularity by his fierce utterances against the Corn Laws, which appeared to him on all occasions as the "bread-tax." Elliott was the pioneer of the Anti-Corn Law League, and that agitation is not a subject that I wish to allude to in the language of exultation.

The event is past, and let it go, the remembrance of the struggle is well nigh buried in oblivion,—but the subject cannot well be tossed aside, for if it did nothing else, it gave birth to sentiments which survive in the literature of the nation, and will not readily be forgotten. The "bread-tax," as it was emphatically called, had many expositors among the middle classes, but among the people themselves it commenced with a man, whose part it was not to expound, but to feel,—not to reason, but to sing. The prophetess Poetry is ever sure to make her appearance in troublous times and her voice is ever heard the richest and wildest amid the clash of arms. Her words are truth, her knowledge is

intuitive, her convictions, inspirations, and she will therefore hear of no compromise; caution with her is a coward, and expediency a knave. The people had not at that time begun to submit to other influences. The winged ministers of civilization had not yet commenced their flight, scattering a cheap and wholesale literature, like vivifying dew, throughout the land. The sons of toil would not have comprehended any other than the voice that spoke to them, as of old, in songs and ballads.

But the voice came, it always comes when wanted. It is born of nature and necessity;—so true it is that men (whether they understand the cause of the befalling evil or not)

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong

And learn in suffering what they teach in song."

It was the voice of Ebenezer Elliott, an individual who was specially born and bred for the occasion. If in another class of society, he would have been heard with suspicion; if possessing more refinement, he would have been unintelligible. Coarse, wrathful, bitter, presumptuous, intolerant and unreasoning, he was exactly the man to be listened to by the working classes of his own generation; but soft, gentle and kindly,—because a poet—in everything without the pale of political warfare, elevated by noble aspirations and humanizing sympathies, and full of the taste of nature and the fire of genius, his rhymes will now command a wider audience.

How he came to write poetry is best told in his own words. One evening he called upon his aunt and she showed him a number of "Sowerby's English Botany" which her son was purchasing monthly.

"Never shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half convinced that the mealiness on the leaves was real. I felt hurt when she removed the book, but she removed it only to show me how 'to draw the figures by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them.' On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse, at least a foot in mental stature. My first effort was a copy of the primrose, under which I wrote its Latin name, *Primula Veris Vulgaris*. So thenceforward, when I happened to have a spare hour, I went to my aunt's to draw."

A few books possessed by his father were very serviceable, and they paved the way for better ones. According to his own account, he was nourished only on strong meats.

"I never could read a feeble book through; it follows that I read masterpieces only, after Milton, Shakespeare; then Ossian, then Junius; with my father's Jacobinism as a commentary; Paine's 'Common Sense;' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub;' 'Joan of Arc;' Schiller's 'Robbers;' Bürger's 'Leonora;' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall;' and long afterwards Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the 'Westminster Review.'"

A man of genius, whose daily literary food consisted exclusively of masterpieces, might have been expected to grow into something extraordinary.

Here, then, with commercial disasters and distress around him, we reach the origin of the "Corn Law Rhymes;"—suspicion, anger and dismay were in every face, and envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness,

in every heart. The name Elliott gave to this complication of disorders was "bread-tax;" and since a name was necessary, it was the best possible name that could be devised. It is true the question was mixed up with the complications of a highly-artificial system of society; but rough common sense, throwing aside the refinement of dialectics, went straight to the visible, tangible, practical point.

Bread-tax, although a political subject in the abstract, is anything but that when it comes home to men's business and bosoms in the form of hunger. It is then to poetry what politics is to political philosophy, and instead of the higher order of feelings supposed to be peculiar to the lofty rhyme, it leads to personal animosities and vulgar abuse. Elliott did not sing, but scream; he did not lament, but blaspheme; his verses were curses showered right and left with indiscriminate fury. No matter; they stirred the heart of the multitude, and roused the curiosity of the refined; and at length it was discovered that this Corn Law Rhymers, an unknown author before then, was a true poet. The "Corn Law Rhymers" is the name by which he is known; but if he had written nothing else, the world would not come to his grave, as it does now, to question with eager sympathy, "What manner of man was this?" Even in the Corn Law Rhymes, however coarse and vulgar as many of them are, there is a touch of true poetic fire. I subjoin two or three specimens, all-original, and all-powerful:—

What for Saxon, Frank, or Hun,
What hath England's bread-tax done?
Ask the struggle and the groan
For the shadow of a bone;
Like a strife for life, for life,
Hand to hand, and knife to knife.

* * * *

Bread-tax'd weaver, all can see
What that tax hath done for thee,
And thy children, vilely led,
Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones in every street
Know their little naked feet.

Child what hast thou with sleep to do?
Awake, and dry thine eyes!
Thy tiny hands must labor too;
Our bread is tax'd, arise!
Arise and toil long hours twice seven,
For pennies two or three;
Thy woes make angels weep in Heaven—
Our England still is free.

* * * *

They smite in vain who smite with swords,
And scourge with vollied fire:
Our weapon is the whip of word
And truth's all teaching ire;
The blow it gives, the wound it makes,
Life yet unborn shall see,
And shake it like a whip of snakes,
At unborn Villany.

Wherever there was any wrong-doing, there was Elliott, foremost in defence of the poor man; on the occasion of a public footpath being closed (and it is necessary to live in rural England, to realize with what jealousy the public right of way is guarded), Elliott wrote:—

Wolves with the hearts of devils,
They steal our footpaths too,
The poor man's walk they take away,
The solace of his only day,
Where now unseen the flowers are blowing
And all unheard, the stream is flowing,
What worse could devils do?

In some pretty verses entitled "Forest Worship," he sings:—

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high;
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But thanks to God! they can't prevent
The sweet wild flowers from blowing.

His respect for men who, from humble origin, have risen to fame is well expressed in his poem entitled "Love."

"Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,
Remember Arkwright and the peasant Clure,
Burns o'er his plough sang sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child."

His homage to Burns is well sung:—

That Heaven's beloved die early,
Prophetic Pity mourns;
But old as Truth, although in youth,
Died giant-hearted Burns.

O that I were the daisy
That sank beneath his plough,
"Or neighbor meet," that "skylark sweet,"
Say, are they nothing now?

That mouse, "our fellow-mortal,"
Lives deep in nature's heart;
Like earth and sky, it cannot die
Till earth and sky depart.

Thy Burns, child-honor'd Scotland!
Is many minds in one;
With thought on thought, the name is fraught,
Of glory's peasant son.

* * * *

Be proud, man-child Scotland!
Of earth's unpolished gem;
And "Bonny Doon," and "heaven aboon,"
For Burns hath hallowed them.

His principal poems, "Love," "The Village Patriarch," "The Vernal Walk," etc., are well-sustained efforts, and full of charming verses, which might be quoted if space permitted; from the first mentioned poem I select the following:—

"Love, 'twas my heart that named thee! sweetest word,
Here, or in highest Heaven, pronounced or heard!
Whether by seraph near the throne above,
Or soul-sick maiden in the vernal grove,
Or matron with her first-born on her knee,
Or sweeter, lisp'd by rose lipp'd infancy!
Yes, Love, my heart did name thee! not because
Thy mandate gave the bright-hair'd comet laws;
Nor that thy hand, in good almighty showers
The ever-blooming, fiery-petall'd flowers
Wide o'er the fields of hyacinthine Heaven;
But that to me thy richest smile hath giv'n
Bliss, tried in pain, so, mid my rosy boys,
In joy and grief, I sing thy griefs and joys."

One can scarcely turn a page of his writings without a desire to furnish an extract. His prologue to his Corn Law Rhymes:

"For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man set free."

and his "Poet's Prayer" give us a fair insight into his character:—

"Almighty Father, let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard, by sycophants revild,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!

Let poor men's children, pleas'd to read his lays
 Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
 And, when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
 Let him be buried where the grass is green;
 Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
 To hear the bee his busy note prolong—
 There let him slumber, and in peace await
 The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
 Who scorn the wild flower's blush, the redbreast's song."

Elliott, as I have said, had a passion for flowers,—
 of all passions the most elegant and innocent.
 They glow in every page of his works, and perfume
 the very book. His picture of a mechanic's garden
 is delightful in its homely simplicity; but when the
 poor blind patriarch of the village comes to the spot
 where his early loves used to bloom, and bends
 fondly over them, and bids them

"Speak to a poor blind man. And thou canst speak
 To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
 His listening heart, and soothe, or bid it break."

We, that is, if we be in good moral health, and true
 manliness of nature, are startled into tears.

In the space allotted to me I have shown some-
 thing of the consanguinity between the poet and the
 man—almost as it is painted by himself in the
 subjoined epitaph. It was for that I have thus dis-
 quieted thee to bring thee up. And now, brave
 Elliott, return to your rest, and may the flowers that
 you loved in life perfume your grave!

THE POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
 The Poet of the Poor,
 His books were rivers, woods and skies,
 The meadow and the moor;
 His teachers were the lorn heart's wail,
 The tyrant and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the gaol;
 The palace and the grave!
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He fear'd to scorn or hate;
 And honor'd in a peasant's form,
 The equal of the great.
 But if he loved the rich who make
 The poor man's little more,
 Ill could he praise the rich who take
 From plunder'd labor's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare—
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man,
 Who drew them as they are.

It may be that some of my readers may now hear
 of Ebenezer Elliott for the first time; but 50 years
 ago his name was a "household word" amongst the
 working classes in England; the agitation for the
 repeal of the Corn Law was probably the most note-
 worthy political event of the reign of Victoria, and
 its success may in a great measure be attributed to
 the stainless character of its leaders. It may not be
 uninteresting to record the fact, that Charles Pelham
 Villiers, who first moved the repeal in the House of
 Commons (and on the occasion of that first division
 found only one other member to go into the lobby
 with him), is alive to-day, aged 94, and is still M.P.
 for Wolverhampton, having represented that consti-
 tuency without interruption for 61 years; and in the
 market place at Sheffield, on the spot where, in the
 heat and anger of a public meeting, Ebenezer

Elliott prayed that the Duke of Buckingham "might
 come to beg his bread" (and when, subsequently,
 misfortune fell upon the Duke, he publicly
 expressed his thanks that his prayer had been
 answered), there stands to-day a monument, raised
 by the people, to the memory of him whom they
 regard as

"Our friend when other friends we'd none,
 Our champion when we had but one."

In the words of Sir Robert Peel, it may be said
 that he bore

"A name remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes
 of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread with the
 sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength
 with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer
 leavened with a sense of injustice."

H. M.

LES PRÉCIEUSES.

"Vous n'avez possible pas entendu parler en vos quartiers
 de la Précieuse; et vous allez vous imaginer que c'est quel-
 que rareté de l'Ouest, ou quelque miracle des Indes et des
 pays éloignés."

Abbé de Pure.

Without assuming that the readers of the FORT-
 NIGHTLY are as ignorant of la Précieuse as the
 Reverend Abbé Massare, I may be allowed to
 suppose that a short account of the movement will be
 interesting. Everyone who has read Molière knows
 what "Les Précieuses" were; but as to who they
 were even Roederer and Victor Cousin disagree.
 Before the time of the former it was generally supposed
 that Molière's satire was directed against Madame de
 Rambouillet and her friends; but he contends that it
 was rather against the less distinguished habitués of
 Melle. de Scudéry's *Samedis*. Cousin maintains
 that the latter was too truly cultured to drop into
 the affectation that characterizes the Précieuses, and
 consequently passes the satire on to their bourgeois
 imitators. I do not champion either view; but for
 my own part, considering the position that Mlle.
 de Scudéry holds in the annals of Literature, and
 the illustrious names that we find among the atten-
 dants of her Salon, I am inclined to accept Cousin's
 theory. Both these ladies did much for the advance-
 ment of woman, and they deserve a great deal of the
 credit for the abandonment of Chrysale's belief:—
 "Qu'une femme en sait toujours assez à connaître
 un pourpoint d'avec un haut-de-chausse." They
 were the leading spirits of the social reformation.
 Too many ladies, unfortunately, of less intellectual
 force, wishing to follow them, and having no real
 culture, assumed the affectation which became the
 object of well placed ridicule. The work of those
 two ladies produced the most elegant and brilliant
 court that the world has ever seen; their imitators were
 laughed at then, and will be laughed at as long as
 French drama is read or acted.

At l'Hôtel de Rambouillet, which was situated about the centre of the present Place du Carrousel, warriors, statesmen and authors received the polish that fair woman alone can give. In the "Ruelles" of the Précieuses, pedants vaunted their own attainments and read their silly madrigals to sillier women. While the ladies and gentlemen of the Hotel were discussing interesting subjects in an agreeable and interesting manner, at the Ruelle—"trois ou quatre Précieuses débitaient dans un après-midi tout ce que le soleil peut avoir vu dans ses divers tours de différentes saisons."

We must not imagine, however, that because Madame de Rambouillet and Mlle. de Scudéry were not Précieuses, that they were free from all affectation. The former had an exaggerated delicacy in matters of language, and her daughter an aversion to marriage that led to over-refinement in speech and the substitution of Platonic affection for love. The Précieuses copied their worst features and so reflected discredit upon their models.

Abbé de Pure, whom I have already quoted, described the Précieuses as—"Certaines personnes du beau sexe qui ont su tirer du prix commun des autres et qui ont acquis un espèce et un rang tout particulier."

"C'est un animal d'une espèce autant bizarre qu'inconnue." And after vainly seeking for an adequate definition says: "Les termes sont trop grossiers pour bien exprimer une chose si spirituelle."

The Précieuses were very particular with whom they associated. Simplicity had no charms for them. The plain, straightforward conversation of La Grange and Du Croisy is scorned, while the noisy conceit of Mascarille is applauded as wit of the highest order. They are very blind, too, for when their heirs, such as Trissotin and Vadius, in *Les Femmes Savantes*, abuse one another and one another's work in language more forcible than elegant, they still bow down to the idols of their imagination.

The first duty of the woman who withdrew from the common herd and joined les Précieuses was to discard her name and choose one from the annals of antiquity. Cathos becomes Aminte, and Madelon, Polixène. We meet no more Marguerite, Anne, or Charlotte, but find in their place Aspasia, Aracie and Cithérée. Old Gorgitus becomes indignant; but the opinions of ordinary persons are nothing to these daughters of the gods.

It is surprising to find among women so philosophic, so superior to all worldly thoughts and emotions, a special classification of Beauties. Yet such there is. To define the genus, they are those beings who, by reason of their natural endowments, have for their principal aim the approbation and pleasure of the eyes. They are divided into *Les Fières* and

Les Sevères, who differ very little in their treatment of Lovers. Our Abbé slyly remarks that what is common to both, however, is that "ni l'une ni l'autre ne sont pas pourtant invincibles." We must conclude that Armande was either a *Beauté fière* or *sevère*. Clitandre fell in love with her first, but her severity cools his ardor, when, however her sister, who accepts his advances, refuses to take her advice.

"Mariez-vous, ma sœur, à la philosophie." Our Beauty ceases to be a Précieuse, and becomes a common scold.

Then we have *Beautés journalières* and *Beautés changeantes*. The first charm us one day, the next they fail to please; but a subtle change in their eyes, their expression or their manner, and again they claim our homage. The second are those who, being passed "la trentième année," will never again be so beautiful. We recognize in the Beauties d'*encore* and d'*plus ou moins*, a division that is still popular. The former are those whom the fatigue of society has faded; the latter those who, having no striking merit, must be described by comparison.

There are other decisions also, but these are enough to give as an idea of the entertaining concerts of these dear girls. Their modesty is charming. They must not praise their beauty in so many words; but "la Précieuse doit savoir en douze façons, pour le moins, dire qu'elle est belle, sans qu'on puisse imputer à orgueil ce qu'elle peut dire de soi-même."

The principal object which occupies all the care and attention is the search after witticisms and extraordinary expressions. The poorest pun is highly lauded, and when Madelon wants a chair she says to the servant:—"Vite, voiturez-vous ici les commodités de la conversation." And in complimenting Mascarille on his dress, Cathos says his gloves smell "terriblement bon," and his feathers are "effroyablement belles."

The poor cook in *Les Femmes Savantes* is dismissed because, even after thirty lessons she shocks the ears of her mistress with ungrammatical expressions. Old Chrysale wisely remarks in her defence:

"Qu'importe qu'elle manque aux lois de Vangelas, pourvu qu'à la cuisine elle ne manque pas. Je vis de bonne soupe, et non de beau langage." Their days were spent in receiving visits from, or hearing the epigram of idle pedants, or in discussing anything or everything under the sun. They interrupt the author with vapid criticisms, and overwhelm him with extravagant flattery.

Missotin reads his sonnet, and these are some of the commentaries:

Philaminte—"Ah! que ce *quoi qu'en die* est d'un goût admirable."

Armande—"De *quoi qu'en die* aussi mon cœur est amoureux."

Bélise.—“Je suis de votre avis, *quoi qu'en die* est heureux.”

Armande.—“Je voudrais l'avoir fait. Il vaut toute une pièce.”

Missotin compliments them on their learning and discoveries, Philament remarks that she has distinctly seen men in the Moon. Bélise had not seen men, but she saw steeples as clearly as she sees her companions. Armande caps the modest conversation with: “Nous approfondirons ainsi que la physique, grammaire, histoire, vers, morale et politique.” But their special study was Love.

“L'amour est encore un Dieu pour les Précieuses.” But instead of exciting passion, it forms a new religion; and any suitor to be acceptable must present himself according to rule. “Il faut qu'un amant, pour être agréable, sache débiter les beaux sentiments, pousser le doux, le tendre et le passionné, et que sa recherche soit dans les formes.”

One who visited les Précieuses at home has given us an account of what he heard and saw. “On every side,” he says, “I heard nothing but boastings, silly rhymes and stories poorly told in the most extravagant language and the worst pronunciation that can be imagined. “It is a strange thing,” said one, twirling his moustache, “that Luck and I are always at war; she never desires my company; when I have the wealth of the Indies I lose all at the table in one day.” “’Tis a sign,” says another, “that the stars, unpropitious in play, will favor you in love.” “I know not,” answered the first, “what edict Heaven will decree, but I challenge you to mortal combat if you will not open your soul to the belief that to be the favorite of fortune I must win a wife like our fair hostess.” This vein of high-flavor compliment is soon exhausted, and the visitor hears a new strain.

“What do you think of my coat? Is it not the finest stuff that ever passed the Customs at Lyon? Does my tailor not know a thing or two?” To this another replies: “Seigneur Dieu, what an Adonis you are! How many Venuses sigh for you! I know you have other rare virtues; for your boots are the best in the world, and above all your hair is so beautifully curled that hearts would be lost therein as in a labyrinth.” Perhaps it was from a *Précieuse* that Shakespeare borrowed his charming line.

“Here in her hair the painter plays the spider, and hath woven a mesh so fine as to ensnare the hearts of men faster than gnats in cobwebs.”

This kind of conversation is not elevating, to say the least; but, turning elsewhere, we hear affairs of State discussed, “comme un aveugle des couleurs.” This is a fair account of how the Précieuses conducted themselves in their own salons; when they went into the outer world they were a little more ridiculous if possible.

Barthélemy, in *La Galerie des Portraits de Mademoiselle Montpensier*, tells us how they appear: “When a Précieuse is alone in a gathering, she is dreadfully bored. She yawns, she does not answer or if she answers, it is in such a way that one sees at once she is not thinking of what she says. If one is hardy enough to rally her, or, better, sufficiently charitable to tell her what she has said, she bursts into laughter, saying: ‘Ah, Madame, how can one think of what one is saying in such an assemblage.’ When another Précieuse appears, she is greeted with extravagant rapture, and immediately the two begin to criticize their neighbors, and even laugh in their faces. No one, however great or however learned, is respected. However, they seldom go to Court, as they are not welcomed there. Very few of them dance, because they dance badly; but they gamble, since in something one must be in the fashion.

Such were the Précieuses. Though they were extravagant and over-delicate in their language, they had a distinct and marked influence in the French language. They waged war against “mauvais mots,” and endeavored to simplify the orthography of their native tongue. That their efforts were attended by success is proved by the following changes that were suggested by them: Teste (tête), auteur (auteur), aage (âge), advis (avis), nopces (nôces). Other changes that they favored were, however, not followed: Attend (atten), qualité (calité).

A. RIVES HALL.

Our Library is unfortunately very poorly supplied with works on “French Literature and Society,”—that of this period at least. Prof. Crane, of Cornell, has published a little work, giving extracts from various writers on the subject, and to it I am indebted for much of my information.

A. R. H.

DR. PETERSON'S LECTURE AT THE ALUMNAE “AT HOME.”

After expressing the great pleasure he felt in meeting the women-students and graduates of McGill and especially in regard to the Alumnae Society, the gratification with which he had listened to Miss Derick's account of the practical work undertaken and accomplished by the graduates, Dr. Peterson went on to speak of the various University Settlements and Social Unions which had been organized in Great Britain under the auspices of members of the different Universities. A great point of contrast, he said, between ancient and modern civilization was the development of philanthropic agencies, such as hospitals, asylums, home and foreign missions, etc. But

it was only in comparatively recent times that the daily condition of the poor, whom we have always with us, had been regarded as a matter involving responsibility on the part of their richer neighbors. Miss Octavia Hill tells us in her book "Homes of the London Poor" how the idea came to her of superintending the housing of the poor as the best practical means to their elevation, through the operation of steady and continuous personal influence. Miss Hill's scheme was greatly assisted by advice and financial aid from Mr. Ruskin, who invested a sum of £3000 in the purchase of three houses in London, which he committed to her charge. Miss Hill constituted herself "factor," and undertook the weekly collection of her rents. Contrary to her expectation she experienced little or no distrust among the people whom she visited for this purpose. Gradually Miss Hill became the centre of a band of workers, to whose care were entrusted the various branches of work which she from time to time initiated. A playground for the children was handed over to one lady; mothers' meetings, men's clubs, various classes of boys and girls were begun, and the elder girls in the families were enlisted on the side of cleanliness in the immediate surroundings of the home. Miss Hill's system has been incorporated in the work of the Women's University Settlement in Southwark which was inaugurated and conducted by members of the women's colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

Besides organizing clubs, flower shows, country visits for the children, etc., this institution fulfills another important function in offering a centre where women who contemplate taking up this line of work may be trained. It was under its auspices that two ladies took the first steps in instituting the work of the Edinburgh Social Union,—an institution which now takes a foremost place among the effective philanthropic agencies of the Scottish capital. The first step was to acquire two properties in the historic part of the old town of Edinburgh, which are still managed on Miss Hill's system, described as follows:—

1. Payment of rent is strictly enforced, by which means a more regular return is obtained on the capital invested, and the injustice is avoided of making the thrifty suffer for the thriftless.

2. The surplus of rent, beyond what is needed for working expenses, and to pay 5 per cent. interest on the capital, is wholly expended on improving the property, and this forms an inducement to the occupants to remain.

3. Such improvements are carried out gradually as they come to be appreciated, and the tenants as far as possible employed in the work.

4. The rents are collected weekly by ladies, who

undertake this task as a means of gaining influence among the tenants and helping them with their counsel and sympathy.

5. The principle is maintained throughout of bettering the condition of the poor, not by lowering their rent (which would merely tend to depress the rate of wages) but by giving them greater value for their money and thus accustoming them to a higher standard of comfort.

The Edinburgh Social Union now possesses 16 properties instead of 2. The rents are collected weekly as a rule, and every week the superintendent meets her rent collectors. Books are gone over and checked, and any difficulty or other circumstance that calls for notice is discussed and arranged. The work is to a great extent done by volunteers, the amounts set aside for repairs should not be all spent, the surplus is given up to providing any additional appliances the tenants themselves desire. Naturally there is a demand for houses managed on such lines, and rooms are very seldom empty; a certain discretionary power is, however, reserved to inquire into the character and habits of new applicants.

Personal intercourse between the well-to-do and their poorer brethren is the foundation on which the whole system has been based. In Miss Hill's words: "If the poor are to be raised to a permanently better position, they must be dealt with *as* individuals *by* individuals. It appears to me to be proved by practical experience that when we can induce the rich to undertake the duties of landlord in poor neighborhoods, and ensure a sufficient amount of wise personal supervision by educated and sympathetic people acting as their representatives, we achieve results which are not attainable in any other way.

The rent collected under the system thus described has a great advantage over the ordinary district visitor. The business footing on which she approaches clients provides a basis upon which friendly intercourse and mutual sympathy may be established. The reproach of intrusion which sometimes attaches to district visiting has here no ground. The collection of rent is a matter of business; the collector does not go into the house unless invited, and it is a most unusual thing for the invitation not to be forthcoming. Under favorable conditions, the business part of the weekly visit fades more and more into the background, and the collector comes to be regarded as a friend whose help and advice may be sought in times of difficulty or distress. Tact, discernment, and a quick and ready sympathy are the qualities mainly called for in those who give their services, and it must be obvious how the discharge of duties voluntarily undertaken will react on the characters of those who adopt the line of work here described.

THE MCGILL DEBATE.

(From the *Varsity*—January 29th).

The blocking of travel by last week's wild storm was quite apparent in the numbers who gathered at Association Hall on Friday night, for the annual Intercollegiate Debate, but those who did come were well rewarded by the excellence of the evening's programme, especially the debate. A change was made in the order of the numbers, so as to place the chief event in the middle instead of at the end, and the result was a much better hearing for the speakers. The chair was filled by the Rev. E. A. Welch, the new Provost of Trinity College, and never have we had a better chairman. His manner of controlling the gallery and the appropriateness of all his remarks helped greatly the success of the programme and won unlimited praise.

The opening number was from the Glee Club, who rendered, "In this hour of softened splendor" and the tragic tale, "There was a boy, there was a tack," and in response to an enthusiastic encore gave "Old man Moses." As the chess tournament had resulted in a tie, it was impossible to present it to the winner, but instead it was presented by the donor, Prof. Mavor, to the Club in the person of their President, Mr. A. M. Dewar, who neatly replied. The Banjo and Guitar Club then gave some selections from "Wang," arranged by their excellent leader Mr. Smedley, and as an encore their halleluia chorus.

Then all settled themselves to listen to the arguments of the chosen orators on the resolution maintained by *Varsity*, "that the jury system should be abolished." Mr. C. G. Paterson took the affirmative, and in a few well-chosen words welcomed the representatives of our sister University. His speech was a very able presentation of the evils of the jury system in criminal matters, the only fault being some unnecessary repetition. He began by advancing the very strong argument that the conditions under which the jury system had been needed as a protection against tyranny no longer existed, and therefore such a cumbersome and unsatisfactory plan was unnecessary. Many illustrations were given of ridiculous decisions by jurors chosen by lot, taking no notes, often asleep and led by the hypnotic power of great pleaders. It was contended that it was impossible that men without training of judgment and often with little education and no experience in weighing evidence could perform such vital duties as well as those specially fitted and chosen for that work. Mr. R. T. Mullin, in a clear, vigorous speech, brought forward a large number of arguments for the negative, holding that the system of trial by jury was still, as in earlier times, one of the best features of our constitution. The only fault that could be found in the plan lay in the inefficiency of the jurors; but he maintained that this was being ra-

pidly obviated by the spread of education, and that the ordinary business man was just as capable of judging on a point of fact as one versed in the law, and also would give weight to extra legal considerations of justice which a judge could not entertain. The risk of placing so much power in the hands of an individual, with the chance of corruption or influence by corporations, was forcibly urged, and a strong appeal made for continued trust in the people. Mr. J. G. Stanbury followed in support of the resolution, and, barring the introduction, made an excellent address, having perhaps the best delivery. He held that there were three great requisites for a satisfactory judicial system—expedition, certainty and economy, and that in all of these the present system was very defective. Although the jurors were less intelligent and more liable to be influenced by passions or prejudice, they were not required to give reasons or ask questions, and had no professional honor to maintain. In opposition to the resolution, Mr. J. C. Robertson, in a quiet, easy manner, engaged in the difficult task of demolishing the position of the affirmative, and thus made many points. He contended that in the judgment of fact the opinion of twelve was preferable to that of any one person, and that there was provision for the exclusion of prejudiced or incapable jurors. The affirmative had not proven that the evils alleged existed to any great extent, or would be less under other circumstances. In the short time available, Mr. Paterson made a most forcible reply and summary.

After the debate, Mr. McVicar read the Essay—a sketch of Kant—but now the students thought their time had come, and the remaining numbers were frequently assisted by the gallery.

Mr. W. L. Forbes, '99, gave a vocal solo, "King o'er Land and Sea," which was enthusiastically encored. Mr. G. C. Sellery gave a well-rendered reading, which did not receive the attention it deserved, and then came the decision which had been wisely held to the last. The chairman then shortly reviewed the debate and complimented all the debaters on the excellence with which they had handled their subject, and after expressing the great difficulty he found in coming to a conclusion, he decided in favor of the affirmative. The announcement was greeted with hearty applause, but the splendid showing of the visitors was recognized by enthusiastic cheers for McGill. Mr. Bristol, President of the Literary Society, made a short speech, thanking the visitors who had been so kind as to turn out under such unfavorable circumstances, and expressing the hearty thanks of the Society to the chairman who had so ably conducted the programme, a sentiment which was responded to by the audience by giving three rousing cheers for Trinity.

THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. He was sent to the Charterhouse School, which in his earlier works appears as the Slaughter house, and where he received a broken nose, which suggested to him the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the face of Michael Angelo having suffered likewise thorough deformity of his nasal organ.

In 1829 Thackeray entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1830, he left that University, and engaged in newspaper work, in which pursuit he lost considerable money.

In 1837, he married Isabella Shawe, by whom he had three daughters, one of whom married Leslie Stephen, who has written many books in the English Men of Letters Series.

In an essay of this kind it is not expedient to go fully into Thackeray's works. It is rather my intention to place before you Thackeray as a writer and a man, and to strive to give you some idea of his character in both of these capacities.

Thackeray is a satirist. I have heard him called a cynic. Now, a cynic is a philosopher who barks, growls, or snarls at people or things that he does not like. Thackeray does not snarl or growl or bark at anything or anybody. When he becomes deeply impressed with his subject we have him sending forth a flood of sarcasm at what he considers wrong; but this sarcasm is tempered and rendered delightful by the most subtle humor that has ever appeared in the form of literature, known as the English novel.

If Milton was in his day the champion of liberty and truth; Thackeray is in his the champion of sincerity. Anything mean, anything put on—in a word, anything snobbish is to Thackeray like a red rag to a mad bull. Most people who feel deeply on a subject are apt to go slightly beyond bounds: Milton in his love of liberty was in some instances carried to extremities; Thackeray in the same way is inclined to ban too many persons as snobs.

We have been lately hearing a great deal about a character called the New Woman. Personally I have never seen one, but they are said to exist. This New Woman and her supporters inveigh, and rightly too, against loveless marriages, and seem to plume themselves on their discovery. We have books written like the Heavenly Twins; but if people had only attended to Thackeray when he wrote, Sarah Grand and her sisters would have been saved the trouble of writing innumerable pages on the subject, for listen to what Thackeray says concerning loveless marriages. "We are sold," 'tis Ethel Newcome who speaks, "we are as much sold as Turkish women; the only difference being that our masters may have but

one Circassian at a time. No, there is no freedom for us. I wear my green ticket, and wait till my master comes. But every day as I think of our slavery, I revolt against it more."

But I am getting on to the books before I have done with the man. Thackeray, some might think, was a man who was not kind-hearted,—I say readers *might* say so; they might infer that he was cold and satiric, and loved no one strongly. The truth is, Thackeray was a most affectionate man, fond of, and kind to, his little family of girls, left to his charge upon the sad affliction which befel his wife, and which necessitated her removal from his home.

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

This shows Thackeray as the loving paterfamilias. He was not a slap-you-on-the-back-how-are-you-old-fellow sort of a man. He was reserved and somewhat severe to those who were not well known to him; but a truer friend no man could desire.

Many stories are told about him, how he lent money to those who needed it, how he lifted an American lady up in his arms, and held her like a baby, so that she could see the opening of the Crystal Palace; but time does not admit of their insertion here.

On his death there appeared in *Punch* some verses of which I cite the last:

"He was a cynic; by his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways;
His heart all open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise."

As an historical novelist, Thackeray stands high. No man has painted the times and the manners of the eighteenth century in truer or more brilliant colors than has our Thackeray. In *Henry Esmond*, the Virginians, the four Georges and the English Humorists, Thackeray brings us with him back to the time of rapier and minuet, of coffee-house and gaming-table. "Not about battles, about politics, about statesmen and measures of state did I ever think to lecture you," says he in his lecture on George I., "but to sketch the manners and life of the old world; to amuse for a few hours with talk about the old society; and, with the result of many a day's and night's pleasant reading, to try and while away a few winter evenings for my hearers."

True, indeed, are the sketches which Thackeray gives us of the English people under the Georges

and happy are the comparisons which he makes of that age with our own. A professor of history once asked for the dates of the "Good Old Times,"—at what time did they begin and when end? The eighteenth century society portrayed by Thackeray is, in his own words, "vast, busy and brilliant," yet listen to how he compares it with our own: "You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton." But the general character of the age is not better painted than is the private characters of the men of that time.

Thackeray's estimate of the characters of Georges I, II, III and IV is certainly correct; and no truer guide to a just appreciation of Swift or Addison, of Steele or Pope can be found than in the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. Thackeray had a reverence for men of his own craft, for men of letters. His sympathies were wide, and he could embrace in the arms of his admiration not only quiet Addison, and jovial, drinking, loving Steele, but also wild Fielding, and, to our minds at least, coarse Smollett. Addison appears to him the first gentleman of his age, and Steele is he "who first began to pay a manly homage to women's goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty." But not only in these lectures or essays has Thackeray proved himself a historian, but, as has been said before, in *Henry Esmond* and the *Virginians*, and also we may add in *Barry Lyndon* and *Denis Duval* has he shown the historian's art and faculty.

In *Henry Esmond* are brought before us those stirring times whose events we have perhaps too quickly forgotten. How precarious and unsure was the foothold of the present royal dynasty at one time, we learn from Thackeray. "As one thinks of what might have been, how amusing the speculation is. We know how the doomed Scottish gentleman came out at Lord Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, which has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the ill-omened Stuart standard at Braemar, Mar with 8,000 men, and but 1,500 opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland; but that the Pretender's Duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh Castle might have been in King James' hands; but that the men who were to escalate it stayed to drink his health at a tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the *rendez-vous* under the castle wall. There was sympathy enough in the town—the projected attack seems to have been known there.

Lord Mahon quotes Sinclair's account of a gentleman not concerned, who told Sinclair that he was in a house that evening where eighteen of them were drinking; as the facetious landlady said, "powdering their hair for the attack on the castle." Suppose they had not stopped to powder their hair? Edinburgh Castle and town and all Scotland were King James's. The North of England rises, and marches over Barnet Heath upon London. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire, Packington in Worcestershire, and Vivian in Cornwall. The elector of Hanover, and his hideous mistresses, pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off via Harwich and Helvottsluys, for dear Old Deutschland. The King—God save him!—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause, shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mud.

In a few years, mass is said in St. Paul's; matins and vespers are sung in York Minster, and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery house of St. Patrick's, to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamanca. All these changes were possible then, and for thirty years afterwards—all this we might have had but for the *pulveris exigui jactu*, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scotch conspirators stopped to take at the tavern." (Four Georges.)

This represents Thackeray as an historical writer. Of course we all know Thackeray to be something more. As a painter of human character he is almost perfect.

A. R. M.,
Arts, '97.

POETRY.

HEIDEUROSLEIN.

(FROM GOETHE).

Baby saw a rosebud rare,
—Rosebud 'mong the heather—
'Twas so fresh and morning fair
Gleeful ran to view it near.
—It was sunny weather.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud 'mong the heather!

Said the Babe: "I'll gather thee,
Rosebud 'mong the heather!"
And the Rosebud: "I'll prick thee
That thou'lt ever think on me;
We shall grieve together."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud 'mong the heather!

But the ruthless Baby brake
Rosebud from the heather;
Rosebud fended her, and strake,
Yet escaped not pain and ache;
—Had no choosing whether—
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud 'mong the heather!

BERLIN,

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

SOCIETIES.

UNDERGRADUATES LITERARY SOCIETY.

The University Dinner on Friday night had probably the effect of making the attendance on the Literary small, on Saturday evening ; but those who did not attend lost a good reading, a brilliant essay, an entertaining song, and a well-contested debate.

Our President being sick, and both Vice-Presidents absent, Mr. Roland P. Campbell, Arts '97, was unanimously voted into the chair, which he filled most ably.

The first item on the programme was a reading by Mr. Charles Phillips, Arts '99, entitled the "Bashful Man." Messrs. Colby and Bishop, representing Arts '98, next gave a song relating to the late fiasco between the Sophs and the Freshmen.

The Society then had the pleasure of listening to a carefully written essay on American humorous writers by Mr. Arthur K. Trenholme, Arts '97. This essay was much enjoyed by the Society, and when it was finished we all knew something we had not known before, concerning Saxe, Holmes, Lowell, Burdett and Bunner.

The debate now came on : "Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished."

Mr. Burnet, who was to have *led*, being absent, Mr. Ryan of Arts '97 opened ably for the affirmative. His style was calm, collected and sensible.

He contended that in preference to the jury system, a judge or judges would be able to weight evidence more carefully, being men of trained minds, and would be less likely to be influenced by sentimental considerations. He held that under the present jury system the verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty" was not so much an evidence of a man's innocence or guilt, as of the pleading powers of the counsels for the defence and the prosecution.

Mr. Laverty next *led* for the negative. He took up his subject systematically, and handled it in a splendid manner.

He said that the jury system gives a proof of impartiality, and that the members of a jury must be men of some standing and education. The judge, on the other hand, is elevated to the bench, not, as a general rule, for his learning or ability, but for services rendered to some political party. He is always a politician, and will try to serve his party, even on the bench.

A jury is not likely to be affected by such influences.

Mr. Grieg, Arts '99, next adduced some sound points for the affirmative. Men who have formed any opinions on the subject to be tried are not eligible to

serve on a jury. All intelligent men read the papers, and must form some opinion. Thus only unintelligent men can serve on the jury. He also drew a harrowing picture of the sufferings of jurymen—how they were cooped up in ill-ventilated rooms, not allowed to see friends or read newspapers, and guarded like criminals. "It is unjust," said he, "to submit citizens to such inconveniences."

Mr. Fred. Thompson, of Science '97, next made an able speech for the negative. Men have up to the present day, said Mr. Thompson, been unable to obtain a more just means of obtaining a verdict of a man's innocence or guilt than by the unanimous decision of twelve of his peers,

The jury system is no mechanical device, but the product of a growth.

Mr. Kingsbury, Arts '99, next spoke in place of Mr. Burnet. He spoke well and without preparation. Mr. Gilday, of Arts '98, next spoke for the negative. Mr. Laverty, Law '97, then summed up ably for the negative, and Mr. Ryan for the affirmative.

The negative won. The able critique of Mr. Ewing, Law '97, was then listened to with great appreciation. It was a criticism that did everyone present good.

MEETING OF 1ST FEBRUARY, 1896.

Albani drew away many of the staunch supporters of the Literary on Saturday, Feb. 1st, yet a few enthusiastic members gathered themselves together and spent an enjoyable evening.

Mr. Ferguson, Arts '96, 2nd Vice-President, filled the chair. The programme began with a song by Mr. N. R. McMaster, Arts '97. This was followed by an admirable essay on Rudyard Kipling by Mr. R. P. Campbell, Arts '97. Mr. Campbell was fully conversant with his subject, and Kipling's appreciation of Tommy Atkins was well set forth.

The debate of the evening was then proceeded with : "Resolved, that Dickens was a greater novelist than Thackeray." Mr. George Campbell, Arts '96, and Mr. McLeod, Sc. '97, upheld the affirmative, while Mr. McMaster, Arts '97, and Mr. Robertson did the same for the negative.

The affirmative won.

Mr. R. P. Campbell next read a short but interesting criticism of the evening's work, and then, after a few remarks from the chairman, appreciative of the programme, the meeting adjourned.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

A regular meeting of the Association was held on Thursday evening, 6th inst., Dr. M. C. Baker presiding.

Mr. J. J. McCarrey furnished a most interesting case report on Fistula in the Horse. In the case described, the condition had lasted for over two years. An operation revealed as the cause the head of a bolt deeply imbedded in the muscles of the shoulder, and removal of this foreign body was followed by complete recovery. Mr. E. H. Morris read a carefully prepared paper on Hemoglobinemia, in which he detailed the theories advanced by continental investigators concerning the pathology of the disease, and outlined the treatment.

The discussion following was one of the most spirited that has occurred during the session, Dr. Baker's remarks on the therapeutics of the disease and observations on cases were particularly well received.

Mr. J. Anderson Ness will read a paper at the next meeting.

H. D.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

A regular meeting of the above Society was held Monday evening, 10th inst., with the president, Dr. T. Wesley Mills, in the chair.

The usual business of roll call and readings of minutes being over, the reading of papers was next in order.

Memory and Mnemotechnics was the subject chosen by Mr. Harri Dell for an essay, which was read in his usual pleasing manner.

The psychic processes by which ideas are represented to the mind were described.

A brief historical résumé of the origin and development of mnemotechnics was also given and their uselessness clearly shown from a psychological standpoint.

Mr. Macaulay read an article from the psychological department of the "*Dog Fancier*," entitled "A Mother's Love," which described the intelligent actions of a mare whose foal was in danger.

A spirited discussion arose over the question: "Were the animal's actions self-conscious or not?" Most of the members, however, thought that they were more subconscious than otherwise.

The meeting then adjourned.

F. W. K.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

Some time ago mention was made of the pleasant reunions of graduates and undergraduates at the Alumnae "At Home." We are glad to be able to publish the following report, although not verbatim, of Miss Derick's most interesting address on that occasion:—

Members of the Delta Sigma Society and Friends:

Once more the Alumnae greet you upon an anniversary established as a bond of union between our graduate and undergraduate literary societies.

The day is a token of present friendliness, of precious memories, and of hopes of a nobler future. It is a time when we may pause to review our past and to examine our motives and aims, asking ourselves if they are worthy of a society of McGill's women graduates, and a source of inspiration, which will justify us in asking you soon to join our numbers. Such considerations and confidence in the sympathy of an audience, composed of women associated in some way with McGill College, must be my excuse for giving a brief history of the Alumnae.

In 1888, eight women graduated from McGill University. They were an ardent band, full of enthusiasm, deeply impressed with a sense of their responsibilities, devoted to one another and to their Alma Mater. While undergraduates, they had established the Delta Sigma Society, and found in it a valuable adjunct to lectures and books. In it differences of social position or wealth sank into the background, truer standards were accepted, and character was recognized as the criterion of worth. Debates and discussions furnished opportunities for that conversation, which "is the workshop and laboratory of the student." Precision of thought and facility of expression were in some measure gained by practice. In addition, a college spirit, an *esprit de corps*, which could never have resulted from work alone, was developed.

Realizing the great advantages of such a society, and dreading any break in friendships formed during college days, the graduates of 1888 and their worthy successors of 1889 organized a Literary Society, in which the majority of the resident members were officers, and to whose meetings are contributed several papers during the season. The early name was "The Mu Iota Society;" but, finding the title readily lent itself to undignified puns, the members adopted the present name "The Alumnae Society."

In the first constitution published, it was stated that "The Alumnae shall have for its object the binding together of its members with a common interest in striving to further the welfare and extend the influence of McGill University." The amended constitution says:—"Its object shall be the mutual improvement of its members in literary work and the furthering of women's interests in Montreal." No decrease in loyalty to the University is indicated by the change, only the belief that, by widening their interests and sharing that which they had gained from their college, the graduates would best honor her.

The most noticeable feature of early programmes was intense patriotism, Canadian literature, Cana-

dian scientists, Canadian history claimed the attention of the members. But it was soon felt that the truest patriot is in some sense a cosmopolite, and papers dealing with various literary, artistic and scientific subjects were read at the monthly meetings. Great diversity of interest was displayed, and in this has always lain the Alumnae's chief strength, for "in a society of perfect sympathy, no word, no act, no record, would be."

Affected by the spirit of the age, moved by the literature studied, all began to feel that "the richest romance, the noblest fiction that was ever woven—the heart and soul of beauty—lies enclosed in human life." Earnest glances were given to the realities around them, deep feeling for the sufferings of other women stirred their hearts. And in 1890-91, when my class had the honor of joining the Society, we listened not only to such papers as "Living English Poets," "Illustrative Art," "The Modern Novel," but to several that dealt with the Labor Question and other social problems.

The inevitable result was action. The sentimental gave way to the practical. Even our limited knowledge showed how great were the needs of working-women. Therefore, though friends warned us of failure, of doing more harm than good, of establishing our work upon a false economic basis, we were constrained by our growing human spirit to make some attempt to express our sympathy for less fortunate women. We believed that all should share in the great gifts modern times had given to woman, and, though we could not understand the whole scheme of things, we decided upon definite action.

Unable to establish an ideal University settlement, we opened a Girls' Club and Lunch Room, in May, 1891. The Club prospered, larger rooms were obtained, and the work extended in several directions. Nourishing food at low rates, a few pleasant rooms for lodgers, evening classes, lectures, a lending library and a piano have helped to make the work a success, financially and otherwise.

Animated by a spirit of mutual helpfulness, "earnest believers in different creeds work together in friendship—remain true to themselves, and yet push towards the same ends." Acquaintances have been made upon an equal footing, and have often ripened into friends, and a truer sympathy and better understanding is daily developing among us. In every direction, the rewards and pleasures we receive far outweigh any self-denial exercised or energy expended.

We have made mistakes, we have been discouraged, we have doubted ourselves and others; but we are convinced that it is better to blunder than do nothing, and that we must work out theories of social questions in our lives. In regarding special benefits we are

sometimes in danger of losing sight of the end; but I believe our aims are higher, our sympathies broader, our life fuller, since the college spirit has been merged in the spirit of devotion to the cause of all women. Whatever may be the result, we are certainly finding true success in the doing. Though this practical work was undertaken in 1891, we have continued the literary meetings of the Alumnae without interruption. It was felt, however, that our work had been too desultory, and it was decided to arrange a course upon Ruskin for the season of 1894-95. Variety was furnished by discussions upon such subjects as the "Present course for women at McGill," "The Advisability of women working for money," etc. The plan proved admirable, and for this year, also, courses have been arranged. Before Christmas, a series of papers and discussions, dealing with Greek and early Italian Art, afforded us much enjoyment. The essays were especially good, and were illustrated by fine photographs of the works of the great masters. We have thus learned to appreciate many things to which we had been indifferent, and to recognize the divine idea in all work as the source of power and cause of permanence. To-day marks the transition from the æsthetic to the practical, which is to be our inspiration during the remainder of the year. Such social and economic questions as "The Ethics of Giving," "The Ethics of Labor," "Public Hygiene," "Women's Duty in Municipal Matters" complete the programme, and show to what an extent the practical work of the Girls' Club has affected the meetings of the "Alumnae Society."

I hope this review of the Society's work has not tried your patience. I am afraid it must seem that we have attempted too much, and lack the grace of humility. But we know we have fallen far short of the ideal. We can nowhere point to anything final; nevertheless, we do show a tendency towards higher things. Emerson tells us that "he who aims at progress should aim at an infinite, not at a special, benefit. The reforms whose fame now fills the land, fair and generous as each appears, are poor, bitter things when prosecuted for themselves as an end. In every reform, in proportion to its energy, early disgusts are incidents. The soul can be appeased not by a deed but by a tendency. It is in a hope that she feels her wings." And we are animated by the hope that even in failure we shall find success, that by learning our weakness we shall grow strong. We, as individuals, expect to do nothing lasting or noteworthy; but by our united efforts we can do much towards bringing in that fuller day, when the gospel love will be not only preached but shown forth in the lives of all.

Whatever may be the work of each, upon all the members of our Society rests the great responsibility

of maintaining a lofty standard for the "higher-education" women of Montreal. We must strive to attain the ideal womanly character, which combines strength, learning and wisdom with purity, gentleness, and unselfish devotion to the interests not only of a narrow home-circle, but of all who are in need of help or comfort.

MCGILL Y. M. C. A.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of McGill University was held in the Association Building, on Saturday evening, 8th Feb., at 8 o'clock. The President, Mr. Percy C. Leslie, presided. There was a good representation of students. Dr. Johnson, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and Mr. Gilbert A. Beaver, Secretary of the International Committee, occupied seats on either side of the President. Professor C. A. Carus-Wilson, a warm friend of the Association, and deeply interested in its work, sat in the audience.

The meeting opened with devotional exercises. After reading the minutes, the names of new members were read, and, on motion, they were duly elected. Then followed the reception of reports, beginning with the President's.

In presenting his report, the President stated that the present year marks an epoch in the history of the Association. But while recognizing this, let us not fail to acknowledge the author of this progress. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty; for all that is in the Heaven and the earth is Thine; Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might, and in Thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious name."

Appropriate reference was made to the acquirement of the building and to the furnishing. The General Secretaryship was touched on, and it was urged that the Association should keep in view having the secretary devote his whole time and energy to the work. The committee work and the Northfield conference were referred to, and an urgent appeal made to engage in some line of definite missionary work. The report closed with a review of the spiritual status of the Association.

Then followed reports of the various committees as follows:

Religious Meeting Com.—R. O. Ross, B.A.

Bible Study Com.—H. P. Archibald.

Social Com.—Chas. Ogilvy, B.A.

Musical Com.—A. F. Pollock.

Missionary Com.—S. H. Mallinson.

Finance Com.—F. A. Corbett, B.A.

Graduate Com.—Dr. D. J. Evans.

Membership Com.—N. D. Keith, B.A.

Handbook Com.—N. D. Keith, B.A.

Before the election of officers was proceeded with, Dr. Johnson was called upon to make some remarks. He was greeted with a round of cheers. He spoke of the business-like way in which matters of business were disposed of, and complimented the Association on the work they were doing in the University in creating and maintaining a higher standard of life and morals.

The election of officers resulted as follows.—

President.—E. M. Campbell, Arts '97.

1st Vice-Pres.—H. P. Archibald, Sc. '98.

2nd Vice-Pres.—C. Ogilvy, B.A., Med. '98.

Rec. Secr'y.—R. H. Rogers, B.A., Law '98, Sc. '99.

Treas.—R. C. Paterson, Arts '98.

Asst. Treas.—A. H. Gordon, Med. '99.

Rep. from Comp. Med.—R. G. Mathew, '97.

Speeches were demanded from each as he was elected. The replies were terse and appropriate.

At the close, the outgoing Social Committee served coffee and cake, and thus closed what perhaps was the most successful annual meeting in the history of the Association.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Gilbert A. Beaver took charge of the meeting, and gave a talk on the spiritual life of the Association. A short conference on Bible Study and Personal Work was held in the parlor at 8.30 p. m., at which about 25 men were present. Mr. Beaver's visit was very much enjoyed.

Y. W. C. A.

To Miss Armstrong was allotted the meeting of Jan. 31st, 1896. The subject was "God's People Chastened," and the text to correspond was taken from Heb. xii. 6-14. Miss Armstrong divided this subject into four parts: 1st. By whom are these chastenings sent? The answer to this is to be found in Job v. 6, and this must be remembered that God comforts those whom He afflicts. 2nd. What is the proof? Answered in Job ii. 3. 3rd. Why are they sent or permitted to be sent? For various reasons. John ix. 3, also in Isaiah xiii. and Heb. xii., and, lastly, How are they to be borne? 2 Tim ii. 3.

Our meeting of Feb. 7th, 1896, was held to elect officers for the ensuing year. Miss Vaudry presided, and called on the retiring officers for the several re-

ports which gave great satisfaction. The following officers were elected :—

Miss Ross, President.

Miss Shaw, Vice-President.

Miss McBurney, Corresponding Secretary.

Miss Armstrong, Recording Secretary.

Miss King, Treasurer.

Miss Rugg, Reporter to the FORTNIGHTLY.

A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Vaudry, in response to which she thanked us for our help and sympathy, and reminded us, in retiring from a position she has ably filled, of the promises that God will cause His light to shine upon us.

During the past year several improvements have been made for the better carrying on of our work. But complaints were made against our singing on the whole, and therefore a motion was made and carried, to the effect that we have an independent society to provide music for all occasions.

GLASS REPORTS.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

A QUARTER OF-A-DOLLAR.

(*A Law Student's Reverie on finding a Twenty-five cent Piece.*)

Around thy silver rim whose eyes hath traced
The magic circle of a mine encased,
And with unwonted plenitude and grace,
Enkindled Hope shone sweetly from his face.

Whose aching brain a fitful joy received
At sight of thee, thou sunny coin revered,
Whose happy heart with blithest note awoke,
When on the air thy ring enchanting broke?

Did husband hold thee with an eager grip,
Or wife, with gladness smiling from her lip;
Or boy and girl away from home and friend
Upon thee smile, then quick to others send?

Did peasant run at thy supreme command,
In haste to hold thee in his eager hand?
Thou Angel-Visitant! his heart didst sway,
While want and pain thy going charmed away,

Or trader at his desk, with drafts and bills
Engulfed, at bay, with credit almost nil,
In haughtiness thy proffered aid didst scorn,
And with tumultuous rage thy presence spurn?

The king, in regal splendor on his throne,
Might speak the treasures of the zones his own,
Yet spurn the poor man's silver "sacrament"—
A hard-earned quarter-of-a-dollar "spent."

The student, who with "briefs" and "notes" oppressed,
Thy cheering presence never hath caressed,
Will toss thee scornfully aloft, say: "Head or tail,
"Will Dad send on that cheque by first fast mail?"

BANNELL SAWYER,

Law '94.

Some days ago a communication was received by our Secretary from Osgood Hall, inviting us to send a representative from our Faculty to their Annual Reception to be held on the evening of January 31st. The invitation was accepted with pleasure, and Mr. R. Pothier Doucet was unanimously elected as our representative for the occasion. We understand that Mr. Doucet thoroughly enjoyed himself, and was treated with the greatest consideration by the Toronto men. It is to be hoped that next year we shall have a representative of Osgood Hall at our Annual Dinner.

Among the many men of genius in our Faculty there are few that equal, and none that excel, as far as literary attainments are concerned, the genial Mr. Numa B—s—t. Mr. B. has never sought public honors. He is, in fact—as is often the case with men of exceptional ability—a most modest and retiring man. Honors, however, have lately fallen thick upon this gentleman. In the absence of our Secretary some weeks ago, he was elected to this important office *pro tem*, and nobly did he acquit himself of the duties attendant thereto. So satisfactory were his services on this occasion that he was deemed well worthy of still greater honors from the Faculty of Law. He has accordingly been appointed as collector of the subscriptions due by the students to Mr. Doucet for expenses incurred by the latter during his recent trip to Toronto. Mr. B—s—t has our congratulations upon the honors bestowed on him by an admiring Faculty.

The course of lectures on the "Law of Real Estate," lately commenced by Judge Wurtele, promises to be very interesting. The subject is treated in a very pleasant way, and the examination with which the lectures end is always most satisfactory. We are perfectly justified in saying that His Honor is one of the most esteemed and popular of our professors.

We are glad to hear that Mr. V. Evelyn Mitchell, though not yet completely recovered from the effects of his recent most unfortunate illness, hopes soon to be with us again. We hope that his work will not be seriously affected by his long absence from the lectures.

Professor Lafleur has finished his course of lectures upon "International Law," and an extremely interesting course it has been. The examination is to be on Saturday, the 15th inst. We hear that the professor is shortly leaving for a trip to the continent where, we trust, he will thoroughly enjoy himself.

MEDICAL NOTES.

FOURTH YEAR.

(These notes came to hand too late for publication in last issue.)

The Dinner is now a thing of the past and the Medicos are once more hard at it. Grind, grind is the order of the day.

Mr. J. L. Churchill of Fourth Year Medicine, in a very neat and clever address, proposed the toast "The undergrads of sister universities." His remarks were received with loud applause. In response, Mr. McRae of Trinity delivered a very good speech doing both his college and himself great credit. The gentlemen representing the other universities also were well received.

For the Faculty of Medicine, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Fourth Year, did the honors. He touched the right spot exactly in reference to a gymnasium, evidenced by the cheers which greeted him from all sides. We congratulate Mr. Fraser on his eloquent treatment of his subject.

Mr. C-q-n (with that "childlike and bland" smile)—"Yes, sir! It is just 4 inches in diameter—across."

Student to Patient.—"Do your feet ever swell?"

Patient (with alacrity and in tones that carry conviction)—"Yes, sir! Swell like heverything."

Prof.—"The fungus known as actinomyces causes in cattle a disease called 'swelled head.' The similar ailment in man is rather different in its etiology, being caused by a toxin produced by the Saccharomyces. They are, however, alike in that both are very chronic and intractable diseases."

THIRD YEAR.

H. C. Campbell is improving and is able to sit up every day for a short time.

We are sorry to hear that H. W. Thomas is laid up with a sprained knee.

Caricaturist Williams is getting out a photo of some of the boys. It is said to be extremely good and true to life.

That long-looked-for event, the Dinner, is past and gone; and, those who had it in charge are to be congratulated.

Al Laing deserves special mention for carrying out his duties so well.

He sold the tickets to the Year, and didn't run away with the boodle; he arranged for the class to be together, and every man was assigned a seat so there would be no scrambling for places and no confusion. He was also chief encorer, which was quite a task for the poor boy, as he could clear his throat between times only; and he complains of still being thirsty.

But, considering his important duties and the many calls that were made upon him, he managed to do some little justice to the menu.

Among others that had important duties to perform were Ed. Hayden and Billy Ferguson. Ed. had to spend as much money as possible on the medical delegates, and from the look of the treasury he did his work well. The Trinity man said he never had such a time as Ed. and Billy gave him. He said they were fairly loaded with Xs and I X L; and, he would like to stay down here and finish his course with them. He hoped Ed. would be the delegate to Trinity next year, and take up some of the almighty to help them out.

There was a good turn-out of the Year, and everyone enjoyed himself immensely, including Geo Foster, Shinnny and "Our Ab."

FIRST YEAR.

Mr. Martin was present at the University Dinner as the representative of '99.

Say, did anyone see Mr. L..... in the push at "No. 3"? It was lovely the way he handled himself.

We are glad to see Mr. Patterson and Mr. Simms one more able to resume their studies.

MOTION.

Mr. President, Gentlemen '99, I have much pleasure in moving that we form a debating society. I am sure that we could spend a pleasant evening once or twice a month in a literary meeting of our own. Wouldn't it afford an excellent opportunity for our stump speakers to spread themselves?

Who knows, gentlemen, but that lurking in our midst there are rivals of even Demosthenes and Cicero.

Behold it came to pass, in old McGill that a body of students calling themselves "Meds. of '97" said among themselves: "Let us prevent the men of '99 from passing out of the lower doors of 'No. 3,' for have we not in our midst some mighty men and some skilled in the playing of Lacrosse and the shooting of the puck?"

Should not these men be forced to pass out of the upper door, so that we may have the right of way, for we are older than they?

But it came to pass also that the men of '99 gathered together, and said: "We will not be made to go out by this back door, for though we are but beginners in the study of medicine, we are not so fresh in the rougher art of wrestling," and so they gathered together to defend themselves against the men of '97.

And so it came to pass, as they rushed out of the lower door, that their opponents fell upon them with a great shout, so that the noise of the strife was very great, insomuch that the voices of the leaders could not be heard above the tumult, and the hall was strewn with note-books and fragments wrenched from the garments of the men.

For a time it seemed that the skilled men of '97, would overcome their opponents, so great were the feats of valor performed by their mighty men.

But it came to pass that the men of '99 were more expert in wrestling, and skilled in the scattering of note-books in the rending of garments and in the smashing of stethoscopes, so that the men of '97 were forced to yield, leaving the field strewn with many of their possessions as souvenirs that peace reigned once more in the halls of old McGill.

FOURTH YEAR.

Great is the commotion of the Class of 1896 over the class picture. Meetings have been held daily. Plans innumerable have been brought up, all in confusion. We'll be lucky if we get a picture at all.

Mr. Sl—s has not yet furnished his list for the ward picture. He cannot choose among so many, evidently.

"Luck in odd numbers" is an old saying. L. D— followed the old maxim, and swallowed eleven pills at one dose. It proved a most interesting experiment, and we are sorry more of the class were not present. A strange physiological action followed. The cerebral centres become abnormally irritable. Spasmodic reflex action of the upper extremities followed, and ecchymoses of the orbicular region, which was secondary to a musical development in C—, which was so marked that C— has been offered a position in the Vic's bugle band.

Teddy is a specialist on the cremasteric reflex.

Head Surgeon.—"Now! Mr. F—, is it the portio dura or the portio mollis of the 7th pair which forms the facial nerve?"

F.—(who has passed his anatomy some time ago) "Portio mollis, sir."

H. S.—"No! It's the portio dura. You see they have to be hard to match the faces now-a-days." (We hope nothing personal was meant.)

S. (On seeing some Indian ink brought into the operating room),—"Are you going to tattoo the pupil in this case, doctor?"

Dr.—"No. I'm going to the tattoo the cornea over the pupil."

(Everybody smiles except S.—)

M. to S.—"Where's Schomberg's line. You've been reading Musser, haven't you?"

S.—"Yes! But I don't know where that line is."

M.—"Better look it up; it's important."

S. to M. (next day)—"Say, M—. Where's that line? I've looked in all the text-books and several works of reference, and can't find it."

M.—"Oh! It's down between British Guiana and Venezuela."

(S— collapses.)

Surgeon (doing an operation on the mouth).—"Give me another needle. This is broken."

House S.—"Have you got the eye of that one, doctor?"

Surgeon. "No! We'll take that out with the appendix later. We must have an eye to business, you know."

THIRD YEAR.

It is with profound regret we learn that our vice-president, Mr. H. C. Campbell, has been ordered away for his health. He left on Saturday, the 8th inst., for his home preparatory to leaving for Colorado in a week or ten days.

Mr. Campbell has endeared himself to every member of his class by his genial good-nature and hearty co-fellowship.

A prominent and clever athlete, he in his First and Second Years secured "the individual trophy," and aided to a very great extent in winning the "Faculty Trophy" for Medicine, and was thus known and honored by every man of the four Years. His skill as an athlete and his frank acknowledgment of the qualities of his field-rivals placed him at the head of the list as a gentleman, and made him respected throughout the whole University.

As a student his time was well spent, and he gave good promise of a brilliant and useful career. It is doing him but little justice to say that no man would be so universally missed from among us, and none would carry with him so much good will.

He will be especially missed by the members of his own class, who ever looked upon him as their champion on sports Day and their fond companion throughout the year.

ARTS NOTES.

FOURTH YEAR

What's the matter with the British Constitution? Dr. Murray says it is all right, and so say we.

Things are quiet; very quiet. No jokes, no laughs, no joyful faces; all reminds one of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Some few careless ones *did* attempt to be humorous in the Geology class, but the attempts were so labored, and the results so far-fetched, that the Class Reporter must ask to be excused from inserting them in the courtly pages of the FORTNIGHTLY.

Mr. Wm. Turner has been appointed to represent our Faculty at the Toronto University Conversazione.

THIRD YEAR.

The University Club must be a success. Such was the unanimous sentiment of a meeting of '97 held last Tuesday week. If ever we are to have the Ideal Club Building with large halls for Literary, Scientific and Medical Societies, with finely-equipped gymnasium, reading-rooms and smoking rooms, *now* is the time to commence, and the only way to commence is by substantial aid in the shape of one dollar bills. Mr. S. G. Archibald was elected to be Canvasser-in-Chief for this worthy object.

Let us all help him by willingly and promptly sowing the one-dollar seed that will give to future McGillites a plentiful harvest in the form of the Ideal Club.

Arts '97 also decided that they would have a little dinner at the Club. For this purpose, Messrs. R. P. Campbell, Watters, and J. G. Saxe were elected a committee.

Please answer "Here, *Sir*", to your names in the roll-call *on all occasions*.

To those who find our column dull, the approach of the examinations and the following lines may afford some excuse:—

O, really 'taint so easy
To smile and grin and laugh;
You see you must remember
We've had the Hodograph
We've read a heap of Pliny
We've crammed a million terms,
We've Chaucerized and Socratized
We've classified the Worms,
We've learnt we can't see figger,
We many ores have broke,
We've made our heads into machines,
We *cannot* make———a joke!

Consider the value of the sand-dollar. It deposits itself in the sand-banks that it may give interest to naturalists.

Consider likewise, younger generations, the lesson of the postage-stamp, whose value consists in its ability to stick to a thing till it gets there.

SECOND YEAR.

Fellow-students, attention!!! '98 has settled down to work!!! As a worthy professor reminded us at a recent lecture: "If you don't do your work, we'll not keep you 'IN' like school boys, but later on we 'MAY' keep you 'OUT.'" This terse yet strong comparison has struck a chill to our marrow. In fact, N. D. A. almost swooned at the words, and their import struck him. Such a thirst for knowledge now possesses us, that every Friday we are eager to enter before the previous class has come out.

L'histoire de Felix !! c'est fini!!! mirable dictu!!

Football is gone—snowball reigns supreme, and as usual, '98 is at the front (steps).

The floor upstairs will need attention for some time to come, so thoroughly was it mopped the other morning.

FIRST YEAR.

The Hockey players turned out on Saturday morning to play the return match with the High School. The most prominent point in '99's playing was that each man seemed to think that he was playing alone. The result was that the High School won by two to one.

The Freshmen feel very grateful to the Faculty for their kindness in granting their requests so promptly

and fully. The success of the petition has made a few more smiling faces in our Year. It is now possible to enjoy a sleep without the usual night-mare in the shape of Bender's Roman Literature.

Pres. Colby, of '98, kindly met the Freshmen recently, to explain the aims of and advantages to be derived from the University Club.

First Year men feel that this movement is in the right direction, but at this late date in the present session, cannot promise the financial support they desire.

How much gown is required to pass muster in the class-room? If some of the fellows in the class wore ordinary clothing in the same proportion, we might see them entering attired in a pair of suspenders and perhaps a collar button or pair of cuffs, which would be decidedly cool in our Northern climate.

The Latin Prose class is now divided in two sections. The change has no doubt been made in the best interest of the class.

Why not go one step farther, and, if time would permit, have regular class and grind in Greek Prose Composition on similar lines?

We hope the Notes in the last issue gave no offence.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Now that everyone is talking of the new photography, and the x rays, it is gratifying to know that some of the most successful experiments made so far have been carried out in the Physics Building at McGill.

We congratulate Prof. Cox and his assistants on their success.

The members of our Graduating Class have not yet commenced to *look pleasant*; but, according to arrangements lately made, they will soon have to do so.

The question of the day among the Fourth Year Civils:—

Who will get that \$1,000 a year job?

Ditto—ditto.—Fourth Year Mechanicals.

How many will get positions worth \$6 *per week*?

The straw that broke the camel's back. The attempt to deduce the following formula:—

$$wQ \left\{ H - (1 + V) \frac{v_1^2}{2g} \right\} + \frac{wQ}{g} w (v_1 \cos \gamma - u) \\ - + \frac{b + 2t}{bt} \frac{v_1^2}{2g} l - c \sqrt{2g} \frac{wh}{n} Z. \\ - u (W + w^1) \frac{r^1}{r_1} u.$$

and to prove that it represents the total work done.

Why does R—f—d always seek a crowd before going to the club for lunch?

What did the boys mean by telling P— to read "the *middle* wire," when there was only one wire to read? They were about as sensible as the man who met a policeman, and said: "Why, you fellows look exactly alike."

Prof.—"There are only five here, *who's shy*?"
There should have been six antes.

Problem in Theory of Structures: Calculate the amount of "deflection" from the straight and narrow way, and the "work done" this term by any member of the Third Year.

Speaking of recent discoveries in light, a Mining student calls attention to Dr. H's discovery of soda-*lite*.

THE X RAYS—A TRUE STORY.

An ambitious youth wished to earn some share in the glory of the experiments that were attracting so much attention. He therefore contrived to have a photograph of his body taken. The experiment was successful, but in the gruesome shadow-picture could be seen a bone that no anatomist had ever seen before. The curiosity of scientific men was aroused, but all enquiry into the matter was of no avail, till at last a gentle maiden solved the mystery. On being shown the picture, she exclaimed: "Why, Charlie, what were you doing with a pair of curling tongs in your breast-pocket?" O Tempora! O mores!

The reporter is very much "between the devil and the deep sea." He has a number of jokes (?) given him. If he sends them all in for publication, the edit-

orial staff will be "after" him. If he gets even part of them printed, he is in danger of assassination by some injured reader. If he does *not* get them printed, the jokers will commit suicide. It grieves him to do it, but he thinks that the latter course is the proper one, as it is the only safe and reasonable way out of the difficulty.

How fortunate we are in getting just now lectures on Crooke's and Geissler's tubes, with all that is known respecting the x rays, etc.

Prof B.—As a rule the examples I work in class I will not give out in the— and a poor misguided youth said "exams," thinking to supply the missing word, but he was immediately corrected and shown the error of his ways.

Our Italian friends are very chummy, are they not? P—rd will fail to see this joke (?) but others will appreciate it.

Th—on pressed S—se, and L—vi will do the rest.

The exam greatly surprised us, but we feel sure that the result was a far greater surprise to the professor.

The great unknown X is with us. We are intoxicated with its mysteries; so much so that accidental shootings, falls, etc., are predicted—so great is our desire to be photographed.

What a thirst the Fourth Year give us on Saturday mornings.

P—te says he will have no show for the prize in Theory of Structures if any questions on springs are given. He says they call up too *pleasant* memories.

Wanted—Science men to take more interest in the meetings of their Undergraduates Society.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

Our reporters seem to be off tobogganing these bright winter days. At any rate, two of them, we imagine, have been, since their usual contributions failed to materialize this time. We wish them much pleasure, and shall look for still better literary productions in the future, owing to the vigor imparted by the healthful sport. Fortunately a graduate oc-

asionally comes to our rescue, and recounts what she thinks will interest our readers. One, who is endeavoring to store the minds of a few youths with facts concerning modern literature, had the following experience a short time ago: Small boy had been called to the board to write a list of Mrs. Browning's best known poems. He dashed off boldly with: "Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," "Aurora"—there he stopped abruptly, thought a few moments, and, having given himself a confident shake, added "Borealis."

The Albani concert is still mentioned from time to time. The Donaldas who arrived too late for seats in the rows reserved for them have been expressing their gratitude for the courtesy shown by the occupants of the next row. We wish that all our number might have been able to attend this concert, but tickets were not as plentiful as sighs and regrets.

French Prof.—"Et alors, qu'est-ce que devint D  lille?"

Donalda (feebly).—"Musique. Non, Litt  rature."

The Third Year Donaldas are keeping all their brightest remarks and most brilliant jests, that such may be forthcoming in abundance at the Class Lunch. This is to be held at the University Club House, and we feel that this change in the method of getting up the lunch is delightfully luxurious. No more decoration of dismal class-room—no more contributions of cakes, lamps and teacups—no more sad and tired washing-up of dishes. All that is required of each Junior is that she be present at the Lunch, that she be sparkling and madly gay, and inestimably fascinating in her repartee.

The First Year intend repenting not in the proverbial sack-cloth and ashes on Ash Wednesday, but in a Class Lunch, the like of which has never been seen within these

"Walls so tall and gloomy
Walls so dark and damp and cold."

There are ways! and ways of obtaining silence in the Library.

Mr. Evans kindly showed us the photographs in connection with the new discovery, and also explained the process of photographing through wood, etc. The First Year will be happy to extend their knowledge to their less favored sisters.

Prof.—“Qu'est-ce que vous avez fait au ‘grind’ français?”

Etudiante (brillante).—“Nous ne comptons que d'un jusqu'à dix.”

Prof.—“Il faut que vous comptiez bien lentement.”

L'ESPERANCE D'AVRIL.

“Travaillez, prenez de la *paine*

Sunny April cometh soon, and then

'99 si votre *plumage*

Se rapporte à votre *ramage*

Vous serez le phœnix des hôtes de ces hommes.”

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

A stranger looking at a group of Final Year men would be at a loss to account for the continuous smile which gently ripples o'er the face of each.

Surely visions of approaching exams would be calculated to have a depressing effect; but there, we are practising for our class picture.

It is unfair to the resident students to have their sitting room monopolized by visitors at a time when they desire to do, at least, a little work. Spring is not far off, and a practice of the golden rule is in order.

Sadow II is giving nightly exhibitions of his prowess. Unfortunately, his audiences do not show a due appreciation of his meritorious efforts.

We have just heard of a Final Year man, of somnambulistic tendencies.

The other night he was found looking over the house with “injected conjunctiva” (that's what is vulgarly termed blood in his eye) for Trinidad. He, of course, did not find it, else the lost Atlantis would have a new companion.

Dr. Couture, of Quebec, will deliver a course of special lectures on the diseases of the heart.

A Second Year man has recently fallen out with his lady love. His appearance at lecture the next morning evidenced the severe mental strain he was enduring. The case should be a warren(ing) to others.

H——d is not yet convinced that the *tensor fasciæ latiae* is not found in the tongue.

Perhaps he is introducing a new nomenclature based on comparisons.

ATHLETICS.

HOCKEY AT ST. JOHNS.

McGill sports being by far too slow for Science '97, the captain of its hockey team thought proper to break the idleness of his players by sending a challenge for a game in St. Johns skating rink. His confidence in doing so allowed him to choose from his long list of first class players, the under well known names, leaving out, however, Drinkwater, Davidson and other champions.

Though many knew Paradis, the secretary of the class, none had the least idea of his ability in playing hockey. In the first half of the match the goal of the Scientists being near the grand stand, Paradis, the star goal keeper, a native of the place, was hooted by the boys and spoken of kindly by the girls (the latter being most powerful). He allowed St. Johns to score two goals.

As point on the team it will be enough to mention D. Edward Blair, the glory of the Eastern regions in Athletics. It is to be regretted that the opponents were not powerful enough to cause such a point to display his full powers. During the match Mr. Blair gave a free exhibition of his fancy skating before the grand stand.

But the confidence of the entire team rested mainly in the captain, Charles T. Wilkinson, the terror of Ontario in this branch of athletics. His keen eye and fast skating won for him the admiration of the spectators as well as the fear of his opponents. He wore a cap that many a time before carried laurels from the battle field. His charitable feelings, together with his sympathetic heart, made him pity the St. Johns hockey team, causing him thereby to forget he was playing for McGill.

Jack Ross, the centre, gave one more proof of his strength and liveliness. Though he is called “David the meek” by his classmates, the St. Johns players have felt that Jack forgets his mildness in hockey playing. His strong mind kept him as cool as a cucumber all through the match, and made him distant to all, even the ladies who wished to congratulate him on his magnificent playing.

Once more have we a proof that quality should not be judged from quantity. R. H. Balfour, a wing, though small, and with a sickly looking appearance, has been the player to whom lady spectators addressed the greatest threats from the grand stand. He had the pleasure of skating with one after the match, and she quietly remarked that the only man she did not like on the team was the one they called “Reg,” her dislike being caused by the beautiful way in which he forwarded the puck.

The other important position of wing fell to Frank Packard. A remark from the player himself will say more than many pages. "This rink is too small," and well may we add that white wings never grow weary, for he fought to the end, and never had a wet hair on his head. "Blondy" played a good game. "Skim," the dummy worker, the brave and noble heart,—in fact, the Mascot of the class, has won for McGill students at large the reputation of doing more work than talk. He dashed into the rush line, checked the opponents' wings, played defence, and guarded the goals with as much energy as all his opponents put together, and not a word from his tender lips.

With such a noble and strong team no reader can doubt the result, a score of 8 to 2 in favor of Science '97, and a sumptuous banquet from their St. Johns friends. Following is the order in which the teams lined up :

Sec. '97.	Position.	St. Johns.
P. Paradis.	Goal.	McGinnis.
D. E. Blair.	Point.	O. Paradis.
C. T. Wilkinson (Cap).	Cov. Point.	J. Livingston.
J. K. Ross.	Forwards.	R. Paradis.
F. L. Packard.		R. Howard.
F. H. White.		P. Chubb.

NOTICE.

The committee appointed by the several Athletic clubs of the University, to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws for the re-organization of the present Athletic Association, have now almost finished their work. The Constitution and By-Laws, after being submitted to the committees of the several clubs, will be presented at the Annual Meeting of the Athletic Association on Friday, 21st inst. As this will deeply affect the Athletic interests of the University, the attendance at the meeting should be large. The attitude of the students will to a large extent influence the future of Athletics at McGill. The new Constitution aims at making the Committee a thoroughly representative one, including a representative from each Athletic club and from each Faculty of the University; also at giving this Committee power to arrange all matters which do not relate exclusively to one club, and to make such arrangements as shall promote the harmonious relations of all the clubs.

KENNETH MOLSON,

Hon. Sec. McG. U.A.A.

EXCHANGES.

The Students' Representative Council of the University of Edinburgh sends greetings to us in the shape of an attractive little magazine—*The Student*.

The name is perhaps rather misleading, since the Journal is almost wholly filled with Society Reports and Notes, Athletics, Dramatic Notes, etc., but we should add that they are all in a very interesting and readable style.

The place of honor in the number for Jan. 23rd is given to a photograph of the winners of the Residents' Cup for foot-ball playing.

With nine teams competing in the field during the season, they may feel justly proud in carrying off the much coveted trophy.

There are some points at least in which their way of playing foot-ball agrees with that of the numerous

teams seen on the McGill campus during the latter part of last season, as the following sentences show: "All the nine teams made their appearance in the field, and if some of the players were guilty of a want of science in their foot-ball, this was amply made up for in the eyes of the spectators by the originality of their style. Some of the games, it is true, were a little rough, but the donors of the cup will, no doubt, regard the intense anxiety to win, manifested by certain players, as a proof of the success of their scheme."

From a letter by a correspondent, who has a grievance against the paper, and an editorial in answer to the same, we are reminded that even at Edinburgh, college journalism is not all smooth sailing. Jokes are mistaken for something serious, apologies are demanded, explanations offered, etc., etc., until we begin to think, and we confess derive some comfort from the thought, that perhaps after all this should be considered the normal condition and a part of the ordinary course of affairs.

The Latin and High School *Review* of Cambridge, Mass., contains in its January number an excellent cut of H. W. Longfellow, with a short sketch of his life. There are also good editorials, short stories, poetry, etc., in all making up a number equal to its predecessors, and all of them second to none of their kind.

We congratulate the youthful editors on the very efficient manner in which they are conducting this paper, and express the opinion that they have in training those who will rival the career of the "Popular Young Editor" whom they recently introduced to their readers.

We have been somewhat surprised at the general tone of an editorial in the *Varsity* of Feb. 5th, entitled "This picture and that," in which "this picture" is Toronto University at its best, contrasted with "that picture," McGill, in its weakest points, as set forth in the University lecture by Dr. Peterson.

The writer is inclined to think that they had formerly been in the habit of comparing Toronto University with much older and wealthier institutions of other lands, to the disadvantage of their Alma Mater, and that it would not be amiss to look nearer home; and, fortunately for him, the thought came at a very opportune time when he had his material ready at hand in a copy of the lecture, delivered with a very different object in view.

So he proceeds to make comparisons of a rather startling nature, and from which he concludes that there is a certain measure of comfort and advantage in reflecting that there are others who are in some respects much worse off than themselves.

He has also consulted the Calendar, and learns that "the staff in the Modern Language department at McGill consists of but five lecturers."

We are not quite certain where he found this statement, but we think that he should not consider it altogether a fault if the authorities were somewhat slow in appointing permanent professors, until they were fully satisfied that they would worthily fill the positions, lest the students, for example, might have to make out a list for them of "Professors" who were incapable of discharging their duties.

We will admit, however, that we have no expectation of ever being called upon in that line.

As if to give point to this article, it is immediately followed by a letter from one of the representatives to the McGill Dinner, who tells something of what he saw in Montreal.

For the benefit of our readers who may not have seen this article, and would be interested in knowing "how others see us," we quote from his report:—

"The Science Hall is certainly a magnificent building, and the beauty of the building contributes largely to the appearance of the equipment. The rooms are, as a rule, much smaller than our own, and therefore the more easily furnished. If the instruments and fixtures of the S. P. S. were set in as magnificent a building as the McDonald Engineering Hall, the contrast between us would not be very noticeable.

"The course in McGill is a four year one. The chief difference between us is the prominence given in McGill to manual work and training; they have a good machine shop, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop and foundry. Every student spends from a fifth to a quarter of his time there. Whether this is advantageous is extremely doubtful. Speaking personally, I think the time could be much better spent in other ways, for at best the knowledge gained is a mere smattering.

"The Physical building is also exceedingly handsome. The instruments are newer but little better than Varsity's, but here also the building sets them off to advantage. One of the instruments is for foretelling the approach of an earthquake. I was told that it recently gave the alarm during a 'scrap' by the students.

"But time fails me to speak of all that would be of interest to S.P.S. students. Suffice it to say that I came down here expecting to see magnificent Science buildings, magnificently equipped: such I certainly saw, but I still think that the old S. P. S. can, with her equipment, turn out just as efficient men in every respect."

After reading the above on Friday morning, it was somewhat amusing, a few hours later, to learn that a distinguished visitor from Toronto had arrived at our "Physics Building" with letters of introduction from President Loudon, anxious to learn the process of the new photography which up to that time had not been successfully carried out at Toronto.

It is sufficient to add that the "newer instruments of the Physical building" have been quite equal to all the demands made upon them in carrying out these interesting experiments.

Pelletier

Organist of St. James Cathedral and Professor of the Piano and Organ

Monsieur L. E. N. Pratte
Cher Monsieur

*Les pianos droits de
votre fabrique - si j'en
juge par celui dont j'ai fait
l'acquisition - réunissent
toutes les qualités artistiques:
timbre limpide, chantant et
et absolument pur de toutes
résonnances harmoniques ou
cavernueuses, si fréquentes dans
les basses des pianos droits -;
Mécanisme facile et tel-
lement élastique qu'il répond
à l'attaque - la plus énergique
comme à la pression la
plus délicate, permettant en
un mot les nuances les plus
diverses - Recevez mes félicitations
pour ce beau travail
Votré
R. Oct. Pelletier
le 28 Nov. 1893*

TRANSLATION.

MONTREAL, 28th November, 1893.

MR. L. E. N. PRATTE, Montreal:

DEAR SIR.—The upright pianos of your make—if one may form a judgment from the one I have acquired—possess a combination of all the qualities esteemed by musicians, a liquid and singing quality of tone entirely free from all overtones and rumbling sounds so frequently found in upright pianos, a touch so light and elastic as to answer to the most vigorous attack and the lightest pressure,—in fact, capable of the most varied effects. Allow me to congratulate you on your good work.

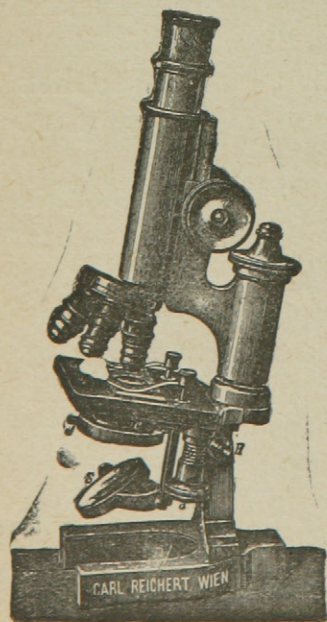
Yours, etc.

R. OCT. PELLETIER.

It is only necessary to know the delicate and conscientious artist who has written the above letter to form an idea of the high value of such an opinion. We have a large assortment of PRATTE Pianos, similar to Mr. Pelletier's, as we manufacture only one size and one quality.

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